



JOHNNY DOYLE!

I am a fair maiden, all tangled in love,
My case I will make known to the great God above;
I thought it a credit, yet I fear it a crime
For to roam the world all over for you, Johnny Doyle.

It was Saturday evening we made up the plan,
It was early Monday morning to take a trip along;
My waiting maid was standing by, as you can plainly see,
She slipped in unto my mamma, and told upon me.
My mamma, she conducted me into a bed-room high,
Where she knew no one could hear me nor pity me cry;
She bundled up my clothes, and she bid me begone,
For she knew well in her heart, that I loved that young man.

A horse and side saddle my father did provide,
In hopes to get me married, and be young Somer's bride;
A horse and side saddle my father did prepare,
With six noble footmen to wait on me there.

So we rode all along till we came to Belfast town,
Our horses being stabled and footmen seated down;
While they were at their merriment,
I had my own toil, for my heart it lie at home with my
young Johnny Doyle.

By my eldest brother I was conducted home,
My mamma, she conducted me into my own bed-room;
My own bed being the softest, my head I did lie down,
For to seek consoling sorrow, my body it was found.

Now close the door, dear mamma, don't you let Somers in,
Now close the door, dear mamma, don't you let Somers in;
For to night is the night that he means to enstrive,
But he'll never gain the girl that is intended for his bride.*

When she saw the minister coming in the door,
Her ear-rings, they bursted and fell upon the floor;
The gold ring on her finger, in a hundred pieces did fly,
And her stomages, it bursted, and death was drawing nigh.

I will send for Johnny Doyle for you, my own darling child,
I will send for Johnny Doyle for you, my own heart's delight-
Yes, you'll send for Johnny Doyle, mamma, but I fear it is too
For death, it is coming, and sad is my fate. [late,

Now death, you are coming; you are welcome to me,
From the pains of love, I'm sure, you'll set me free:

There is more trouble on my mind than my poor tongue can tell,
And these are my dying words: Johnny Doyle, fare you well.

The day of her funeral, it was a great sight,
There were four-and-twenty fair maidens, all dressed in white
They carried her to St. Mary's ground, and laid her in the clay
Saying; the Lord, He may be with you forever and a day.

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